Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 36

Fallen Angel

Chapter: 150

Part: 1

We are all like the bright moon, we still have our darker side, do not express to yours truly the moon is superb; display to me the sparkle, twinkle, and enthusiasm of light on shattered cut- glass, or a dead girl’s memory. I may not have gone where I intended to go, but I think I have ended up where I needed to be- like she- her with me now- she- me – and you are too.

A theory where gone.

Flying horses post again-

I- Naddalin am flying around too even back on Earth also for a soul to take… like the one that passes with broken glass years ago, she will come with me to the dark side I feel, and that would- be Lily. Yet would she ever leave Neveah- I do not know if I want to do that to her- yet I would love to also… Lonely girls that hang out at the graveyards, and cry… for someone to ease the pain… We take… over their bodies and minds… young sweet girls

like YOU! Even can be said for white angels too… (it was too easy…)

…She lost her to me… yet, I had to me could not help it, I need her to feed for life… and she looks good in black- no? We will get her too- I AM SURE OF IT! Yet she has him up there so- o; that love will- last and last.

Part: 2

Naddalin, got a girl to come over to this world in a death… today… it was said in class. Now to she is fallen.

Anyways-

Emmah was tugging at her sleeve, staring at her watch. And, we have exactly ten minutes to get back down to their hospital wing without anybody seeing us - before Duerre locks their door…

- Besides-

Okay, and said Naddalin, wrenching her gaze from the sky, and let us go… Also, they slipped through their doorway behind them and down a tightly spiraling ’The Body of Neveah’ staircase. Full of old dark wood, and

led- ed glass, that was also long-standing. As they reached the top of it, they heard voices. Theory flattened themselves they were, now pushing themselves up against the wall and they all listened. It sounded like garbage.

A theory where steeping hurriedly along the corridor at their foot of their staircase. With the, only hope Duerre’s not going to make complications, and snippily- saying.

We wanted to do this for years here in this spot she and I- beyond, there Kiss will be performed at once, in

the tower, holding hands… also… then, as soon as Nunez returns with the Dementiators, we ran like lovers back down- yet we had our time.

This whole Black affair has been highly embarrassing. They all knew about all the girls, and all the professors too. Yet, I cannot tell you how much I am happy about it all thought. Forward to informing their Daily Paper that we have *her* at last… said that we want this… allies, for this eternal life, at the castle, asking to be hallowed by darkness.

I- Daresay they will want to interview you, Sammie… and once young Naddalin's back in her right mind, I expect she will want to tell the Paper exactly how you saved her… from the other side of things… She could have been…?

'-So-o I feel- that is so.'

Naddalin clenched her teeth, think she could have seen all that was in her old life, yet she has her so, that was good enough to fall too.

Then she caught a glimpse of Sammie's smirk as he and Harlan

passed Naddalin and Emma’s hiding place, as they were running through the fields… for flight.

There where footsteps died away, yet, wherein mid-flight looking down on the eerie, dark, and shadowy, warm glow of cottages with tall grass and oak trees, in this land, waterfalls, and hanging down weepiness, off the rock and plant life… vines and old time-worn trees alike, in a terrestrial that is musty, fog covered all the time.

Naddalin and Emmah waited a few moments to make sure they had

their gone, hand in levitating in midair, looking at one another dumbly, and sheepish then started to fly in the opposite direction of the hallowed castle.

(Back)

Emma- Walking on foot- and yes, we still do that… Um- like down one staircase, then another, along with a new corridor - then they heard a cackling ahead. Also, Charlotte…!

~*~

SO-o, Furthermore, Naddalin muttered, grabbing Emma’s wrist; as well, in here!

Theory tore into a deserted classroom, to their left just in time.

Charlotte seemed to be bouncing along their corridor in boisterous good spirits, laughing her head off.

- Besides–

Part: 3

OH, her is horrible, and whispered Emmah, her ear to their

door. Also, bet her is all excited because their Dementiators are going to finish off Trius… And she checked her watch. Besides, three minutes, Naddalin!

And–

Theory waited until Charlotte's gloating voice had faded into their distance, then slid back out of their room and broke into a run again.

And - what will happen - if we do not get back inside before Duerre locks their door? And Naddalin panted.

And do not want to think about it! And,

Emmah moaned, checking her watch again. And, One minute! And, they had reached the end of their corridor with their hospital wing entrance. And, Okay - I can hear Duerre and said Emmah tensely. And come on, Naddalin!

Theory crept along their corridor. Their door opened, Duerre’s back appeared.

Besides, am going to lock you in, and they heard her say. And it is five minutes to midnight.

Miss. Kizziah, three turns should do it. Good luck.

-And-

Duerre backed out of their room, closed their door, and took out his wand to magically lock it. Postulating, Naddalin and Emmah ran forward. Duerre looked up, and a wide smile and then appeared under the long silver whiskers. And- Well? And, she said quietly. And we did it! And said

Naddalin breathlessly. And… Trius has gone, with Becca beak… And… So-o…!

(Up to the now)

Duerre grinned at them, and, well Deanahe. She listened intently for any sound within their hospital wing, and, yes, I think you have gone too - get inside - I will lock you in… Naddalin and Emmah slipped back inside their dormitory.

It was empty except for Jinger, who was still lying- there- all motionless in the end bed nude, just taking off her uniform.

~*~

As their lock clicked behind them, Naddalin and Emmah crept back to their beds, Emmah uncovering their Time-Turner back under her robes. A moment later, Madam Pomphrey came striding back out of her office.

Also, Did I hear their principal leaving?

Am I allowed to look after my patients now?

- And-

Like- like- like, she was in a very bad- bad- bad moody mood.

Naddalin and Emmah thought it best to accept the Hayvannah sweet quietly. Madam Pomphrey stood over them, making sure they ate it. Nevertheless, Naddalin could hardly swallow- and wanted to spit- not swallow, - yet that was with more than that too- just saying, said- Emma- te'a-he- ing.

She and Emmah were waiting, listening, the nerves jangling… And then and there- and there and then, as

they both took the fourth piece of Hayvanna- cholate from Madam Pomphrey, they heard a distant roar of fury heavenizing from somewhere above them… swirling around them like dark haunts.

Besides, what was that? And said- Madam Pomphrey in alarm.

Part: 4

Now they could hear angry voices, growing louder and brassier. Madam Pomphrey was staring at their door.

Besides, they will wake everybody up! What do they think they are doing?

-And-

Naddalin was trying to hear what their voices were saying, yet like the girls before her like she could hear voices in her head all the time- saying: this and that and or else- wise- whatever. A theory where drawing nearer- in her ear and it was buzzing and ringing with, a high- E- E-E-e-e-e… hiss, of them taking over her awareness and body in this world, this is true for

them to do, to see feel, and hear only as they want you to- where you may feel that you did or did not, or just blackout, in not remembering- it is a spell that, I know well- of mind- take- over, they can even take out of my mouth for me- no-? …YES! AND IT SOUND

JUST LIKE ME- AND THEY CAN MOVE MY HAND ARMS AND LEGS FOR ME TOO- (LIKE I DON’T REMEMBER MASTURBATING… YET MY HAND IS DOING IT- AND I SEE IT GOING IN AND OUT OF ME AND I

KNOW THAT SHE IS IN ME AND I AM IN HER…)

Chapter: 151

Part: 1

Like- she must have Disappeared, Severus. We should have left somebody in the room with her, so it would not freak her out. When this gets out - And she DID NOT DISPARATE! And- Lily roared, now very nearby. And YOU CANNOT APPARATED OR DISPARATE INSIDE THIS CASTLE!

THIS - HAS - SOMETHING - TO - DO - WITH-! And Severus - be repairable- Naddalin has been locked up - And BAM Slam hit, the freaking door of the wing burst open, Harlan, Sammie, and Duerre came striding into their area. Duerre alone looked calm. Indeed, she looked as though she was quite enjoying herself. Harlan appeared angry about it all. Nevertheless, Lily was beside herself, I knew- we- too- ominously we agreed. And, OUT WITH IT!

And she bellowed. And WHAT DID YOU DO?

And- Professor Lily, yes here a week and she is that! And shrieked Madam Pomphrey. And control yourself!

And- See here, Lily, be repairable, and said, Harlan. And, this door is being locked, we just saw.

Besides, THEORY HELPED HERR ESCAPE, I KNOW IT! And, Lily flying, pointing at Naddalin and Emmah. Her face was twisted, and her teeth sharply pointed fangs; dribble

was flying from her mouth, now red blood from the eyes. (Thoughts of RED-WHITE AND BLUE came back to her… and here being cold is the way of life.)

Calm down, girl!

And Harlan woofed.

And you are toluene nonsense! She knew that would not be going back up either.

Part: 2

And, YOU DO NOT KNOW-! And shrieked Lily. And she DID IT, I KNOW she DID IT. (Whatever- IT is…,)

and, that will do, Severus, and said Duerre quietly. Yep- yep just- thinking about what you are saying. This door has been locked since I left their constituency ten minutes ago, Madam Pomphrey, have these students- left their beds, she is thinking about her and what she is going to do with her, in all their kissing of lips, that she and she has done…!

‘Partially, I would have welcomed a Dementor attack.

A deadly struggle for my soul would have broken their monotony

nicely. You think you have had it bad, at least you have been able to get active, stretch your legs, get into a few fights… I have been stuck inside for a month.'

'How come…?' Asked- Naddalin, frowning some.

'Because of their Ministry of Magic still after me, and Waltemath will know all about me being an Animangas by now, Worm tail will have told her, so my big disguise is useless. It is not much; I can do that for their- Order of their Durizy … or so- o Duerre feels.'

There was something about their slightly- flattened tone of voice, in which Trius uttered Duerre's name, and that told- Naddalin that Trius, too, was not incredibly pleased with their principal. Naddalin felt a sudden upsurge of affection for her God daddy.

At least you have known what is been going on, she said bracingly.

'Oh yes,' said Trius sarcastically. 'Listening to Snappiest reports, having to take all her snide hints, and that she is out there risqué her life, while- I's am sat on my

backside, here having a nice comfortable time… talking to me about how their cleanings going…’

‘What cleaning…?’ Asked-Naddalin…

Part: 3

Trying to make this place fit for fallen habitation,’ said Trius, waving a hand around their dismal kitchen.

‘No one’s lived here for ten years, not since my dear mother died unless you count her old house fairy,

and she’s gone around their twist ~ hasn’t cleaned anything in ages.’

‘Trius,’ said MonDongos, who did not appear to have paid any attention to their conversation but had been closely examining an empty goblet. ‘This solid silver, pal?’

‘Yes,’ said Trius, surveying it with distaste. ‘Finest 22nd ~ century goblin-wrought silver, embossed with their Black family crest.’ That had come off, though, muttered MonDongos, polishing it with her cuff. Céline Katy

NO, JUST CARRY THERE! Mr.’s Railie shrieked.

Part: 4

Naddalin, Trius, and MonDongos looked around and, within a split second, they had dived away from their table. Céline and Katy had bewitched a large ceilinged of stew, a jigger flagon of Butterbeer and a heavy wooden breadboard, complete with knife, to hurtle through their air towards them.

Their stew skidded the length of their table and came to a halt just

before their end, leaving a long black burn on their wooden surface; their flagon of Butterbeer fell with a crash, spilling its contents everywhere; their bread knife slipped off their board and landed, point down, and quivering ominously, exactly where Trius's right hand had been seconds before.

'FOR HEAVEN's SAKE!' screamed Mr.'s -Railie.

THERE WAS NO NEED- I HAD ENOUGH OF THIS JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN USE MAGIC NOW, YOU DO NOT HAVE TO WHIP YOUR WANDS

OUT FOR EVERY TINY LITTLE THING!’

‘We were just trying to save a bit of time!’ Said Céline, hurrying forward to wrench their bread knife out of their table. ‘Sorry, Trius, the mate did not mean to…’

Naddalin and Trius were both laughing; MonDongos, who had toppled backward off his chair, was swearing as she got to his feet; Crook shanks had given an angry hiss and shot off under their dresser, from where his large yellow eyes glowed in their darkness.

Part: 5

‘Girl changing and some nude, playing and then bathing,’ Mr. Railie said, lifting their stew back into the middle of their table,’ your mothers right, you are supposed to show a sense of responsibility now you have come of age.’

Part: 6

Emma- When she is inside of me, in many ways mind-body and erogenous zones alike… I wonder who is squiring me, rubbing my body, softly… touching my boobs and butt,

and inside there too alike… in it… she- her- all her coming through me, making me vibrate and pulsate to her body… it is wonderful, to feel more loves in life, that you would never understand unless you let someone in you- and take over ever that your mind boy and soul is- she can even see through my eyes- we can switch places- all in one mind game of a spell- called- The Back and Forth, spell.

Any-who-

‘None of your brothers caused this sort of trouble!’

Mr.’s Railie raged at their twins as she slammed a fresh flagon of Butterbeer on to their table and spilling almost as much again. Sara did not feel their need to Apparated every few feet!

Charlie did not charm everything she met! Percy.’ She stopped dead, catching her breath with a frightened look at her husband, whose expression was suddenly wooden.

‘Let us eat,’ said Sara quickly.

‘It looks wonderful, Molly,’ said Sevket, ladling stew onto a plate for her and handing it across their table.

For a few minutes, there was silence but for their chink of plates and cutlery and their scraping of chairs as everyone settled down to their food.

Then Mr.’s Railie turned to Trius.

‘I’ve been meaning to tell you, Trius, there is something trapped in that writing desk in their drawing room, it keeps rattling and checking. Of course, it could just be a Boggart, but I

thought we ought to ask Valastro to have a look at it before we let it out.'

'Whatever you like,' said Trius indifferently.

'There are curtains in there are full of Doxes, too,' Mr.'s Railie went on.' I thought we might try and tackle them anyhow.'

'I look forward to it,' said Trius. Naddalin heard their sarcasm in her voice, but she was not sure, that anyone else did.

Opposite Naddalin, Tonks was entertaining Emmah and Jill by transforming her nose between mouthfuls.

Screwing up her eyes each time with their same pained expression she had worn back in Naddalin's bedroom.

Her nose swelled to a beak-like protuberance that resembled Snappiest, shrank to their size of a button mushroom, and then sprouted a great deal of hair from each nostril.

This was a regular mealtime entertainment because Emmah and Jill were soon asking for their favorite noses. ‘Do that one like a pig snout, Tonks.’

Tonks obliged, and Naddalin, immobilized, then up too, had their fleeting impression that a female Dariez was grinning at her from a- crossed their table.

Mr. Railie, Sara, and Sevket were having an intense discussion about sprites- haunts.

‘Theory is not giving anything away yet,’ said Sara. ’I still cannot work out whether they believe she is back. Course, they might prefer not to take sides at all. Keep out of it…’

‘I’s am sure they would never go over to You- Know- Whom,’ said Mr. Railie, checking the heads. The theory has suffered losses too; remember that- goblin family she murdered last time, somewhere near Lavannah?’

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‘It depends on what they are offered,’ said Sevket. ‘And I am not

toluene about gold. If they are offered their freedoms, we have been denying them for centuries they are going to be tempted. Have you still not had any luck with Amsel's, girl Sara…?'

Alissa, Allison, Adriane, and Ava, as you know nothing has changed with girls… and the conflict is still on, Sara is one of them down the line. They are like you and I- why do they feel they need to be more? Maiara Chenoa, for nothing, is going to change even after 200 years of back and forth… good and wicked. And Neveah is the cause yet

again, said Duerre’s, this girl is a noble haunt, that is a stain on us all. Look what she did all these girls, and he rolls out an old, tattered script.

That was a question for years that no one could get, said Haven.

‘She’s feeling anti-wizardry fallen angel right freaking now,’ said Sara, ‘she has not stopped raving about their Bagman business, she reckons their Ministry did a cover-up, those Sprites- Haunts never- ever got their gold from her, you know…’

A gale of laughter from the middle of their table drowned their rest of Sara's words. Céline, Katy, Jinger, and MonDongos were rolling around in their seats. Neveah was high up in her world, and this was not cool- not cool! Or so they thought.

'…And then,' Hayvannah-MonDeanahgo's, tears running down her face,' and then, if you will believe it, 'she- e says to me,' she- e says,' Ere, Dung, where did get all of them toads from?

‘CUZ- some girl of a Sludgers gone and

Sailed all mines!’ And I say, ‘Sailed all your toads, Will, what next? So, you will be wanting some more, then?’ And if you will, believe me, all, their germless gargoyle buys all. ‘I own toads back off me for a lot more what-’she- e paid in their first place.’

‘I do not think we need to hear any more of your business dealings, thank you very much, MonDongos,’ said Mr.’s Railie abruptly, as Jinger slumped forwards on to their table, fly her wings

spreading them wide- up with laughter on her face, and then looking evil to all that was around her.

‘Beg par- Deanah, Molly,’ said MonDongos at once, wiping her eyes and winking at Naddalin.’ But, you know, Will Sailed ‘me off Warty Harris in their first place so I was not doing anything winger.’

‘I’s Do not know where you learned about right and winger, MonDongos, but you seem to have missed a few crucial lessons,’ said Mr.’s Railie coldly.

Céline and Katy buried their faces in their goblets of Butterbeer; Katy was hiccoughing. In some regard, Mr.'s Railie threw a very nasty look at Trius before getting to her feet and going to fetch a large rhubarb crumble for pudding. Naddalin looked round at her God daddy.

'Molly does not approve of MonDongos,' said Trius in an undertone.

'How come she is in their Order?' Naddalin said, very quietly.'

'She is useful,' Trius muttered.

‘Knows all their crooks well, she would since she is one herself.

But she is also very loyal to Duerre, who helped her out of a tight spot once. It pays to have someone like Dung around, she hears things we do not,’ like all that were before her- with this- THING- HEX.’ He said wildly.

But Molly thinks inviting her to stay for dinner is going too far. She has not forgiven her for slipping off duty when she was supposed to be tailing you.

Three helpings of rhubarb crumble and custard later and their waistband on Natalie's jeans was feeling uncomfortably tight… (which was saying something, as their jeans had once been Diaries.)

As she laid down her spoon there was a stillness in their general conversation: Mr. Railie was leaning back in her chair, ever so- replete and relaxed; Tonks was yawning widely, her nose now back to normal; and Jill who had attracted Crook shanks out from under their dresser, was sitting cross-

legged on their floor, rolling Butterbeer corks for her to chase.

Part: 7

‘Nearly time for bed, girls are nude running around, washing you can see them, I think,’ said Mr.’s Railie with a yawn, and give a nude hug to her than them my girl. And I kiss her… and finger her, bits.

She drove his tongue into her setting off another shattering moan that was music to her ears.

She was quite an instrument to play, so finely tuned, and if she touches her right, she made their most glorious sounds, raw, intense, delicious noises of pleasure as she plundered her with her tongue.

She grabbed her long hair, yanked, and pulling her closer as she had told her to do. She thrust one finger into her, cooking it and hitting her in their spot that turned her moans into one long, high- pitched orgasm.

She shuddered against her, her legs quaking, and when she finally

slowed to look up at her, she saw her hair was a wild tumble, and her face was glowing.

Oh- ah…

(Next day)

‘Not just yet, Molly’ said Trius, pushing away his empty plate and turning to look at Naddalin.’ You know, I am surprised at you. I thought their first thing you would do when you got here would be to start as the queen questions about Waltemath.’

Their atmosphere in their room changed with their rapidity Naddalin associated with their arrival of Dementiators. Where seconds before it had been sleepily relaxed, it was now alert, even tense.

A frigidly had gone around their table at their mention of Waltemath's name. Sevket, who had been about to take a sip of wine, lowered her goblet, flying suspiciously.

'I did!' said Naddalin indignantly.' I asked Jinger and

Emmah, but they said we're not allowed in their order, so-o.’

‘And they're quite right,’ said Mr.’s Railie.

‘You’re too young.’

She was sitting bolt upright in her chair, her fists clenched on its arms, every trace of drowsiness gone.

And since when did someone have to be in their Order of their Durizy to ask questions?’ inquired Trius. ‘Naddalin’s been trapped in that nonmagical people house for a month.

She’s got their right to know what is been happen-’ ’Hang on…!’ Interrupted Katy loudly.

‘How come Naddalin gets his questions answered?’ And- yah- said Céline angrily.

‘Yen’s- we have been trying to get stuff out of you for a month and you have not told us a single stouten thing!’ Said Katy.

‘You’re too young, you are not in their Order,’ said Céline, in a high-pitched, voice, that sounded uncannily

like her mothers. ‘Naddalin’s not even of age!’

‘It’s not my fault you have not been told what their orders doing,’ said Trius calmly, ‘that’s your parents’ decision. Naddalin, on their other hand.’

‘It’s not down to you to decide what is good for Naddalin!’ said Mr.’s Railie sharply. Their expression on her normally kind face looked dangerous. ‘You have not forgotten what Duerre said, I suppose?’

‘Which bit…?’ Trius asked politely, but with their air of a man readying herself for a fight.

There is bit about not telling Naddalin more than she needs to know,’ said Mr.’s Railie, placing a heavy emphasis on their last three words.

Jinger, Emmah, Céline, and Katy’s heads swiveled from Trius to Mr.’s Railie as though they were following a tennis rally. Jill was kneeling amid a pile of Butterbeer corks, watching their conversation with

her mouth slightly open. Sevkets eyes were fixed on Trius.

‘I do not intend to tell her more than she needs to know, Molly,’ said Trius. ‘Nevertheless, as she was their one who saw Waltemath come back’ (again, there was a joint shudder around their table at their name) like she has righter than most too.’

She- it is not a member of their order of their Durizy!’ said Mr.’s Railie. ‘she’s only going to look and be around fifteen- and… soul in the body- and mind- like them all- that is what she

well stays along with her barcode numbers, like them all, the age they became- soul- fallen.'

'And she is dealt with as much as most in their Order,' said Trius,' and more than some.'

'Knopper ones denying what she's Deanahe!' said Mr.'s Railie, her voice rising, her fists trembling on their arms of her chair.' But she's still…'

'She's not a child!' said Trius impatiently.

- ‘She’s not an adult either!’ said Mr.’s Railie, their color rising in her cheeks. ‘she’s not’ Alyssa, Trius!’

‘I’m perfectly clear who she is, thanks, Molly,’ said Trius coldly.

‘I’m not sure you are!’ Said Mr.’s Railie.

- ‘Sometimes, their way you talk about her, it is as though you think you have your best friend back!’

- ‘What’s Jigger with that?’ said Naddalin.

‘What’s winger, Naddalin, is that you are not your daddy, however much you might look like her!’ said Mr.’s Railie, her eyes still boring into Trius.

‘You are still at Savannah and adults responsible for you should not forget it!’

‘Meaning- I am an irresponsible God daddy?’

Oh- deliquesced Trius, his voice rising.

‘Connotation you have been known to act rashly, Trius, which is

why-why- Duerre keeps reminding, you to stay at home…

And–

‘Well leave my orders from Duerre out of this if you please!’ said Trius deafeningly.

‘Arthur!’ said Mr.’s Railie, rounding on her publicities.’ Arthur, back me up!’

Mr. Railie did not speak at once. She took off her glasses and cleaned them on her black wispy like robes, only when she had replaced

them carefully on her nose did, he reply, he is being her love of life did that.

‘Duerre knows their position has changed, Molly. She accepts that Naddalin must be filled in, to a certain extent now that she is staying at Headquarters.’’

‘Yes, but there is an alteration between that and inviting her to ask whatever she likes!’ ‘Partially,’ said Sevket quietly, some ways, away from Trius at last, as Mr.’s Railie turned quickly to her, hopeful that finally, she

was about to get an ally, ‘I think it better that Naddalin gets their facts not all their facts, Molly, but their general picture from us, rather than a garbled version from… others.’

Her expression was mild, but Naddalin felt sure Sevket, at least, knew that some Extendable Ears had survived Mr.’s Rallies purge.

‘Well,’ said Mr.’s Railie, breathing deeply And Pa. around their table for the support that did not come, ‘well… I can see I am going to be overruled. I will just say this: Duerre,

must have had she- regards for not wanting Naddalin to know too much, and sequin as someone who has

Naddalin’s best interests at heart.’

‘She’ is not your girl,’ said Trius quietly.

‘She’ is as good as… f*cked,’ said Mr.’s Railie fiercely.’ Who else has she- got that feeling about her?’

~*~

- ‘She’s got me!’

Part: 8

‘Yes,’ said Mr.’s Railie, her lip-curling,’ they are- thing is, it is ratted her difficult for you to look after her while you have been locked UP in Dizery l And, has not it?’

Trius started to rise from the chairs.

‘Molly, you are not there- the only pergirl at their table who cares about Naddalin,’ said Sevket sharply.’ Trius, sit down.’

Mr.’s Rallies' lower lip was trembling. Trius sank flying back into the chairs, at this point face white as could be.

‘I think Naddalin ought to be allowed a say in there,’ Sevket continued, ‘she- ’s old enough to decide for herself.’’

‘I want to know what’s been going on,’ Naddalin said simultaneously.

She- did not look at Mr.’s Railie. Her- had been touchers- d by what she- had said about she is as good

as a girl, but she- was also impatient with the mollycoddling. Trius was right, she- was not a child.

‘Very well,’ said Mr.’s Railie, her voice- racquet.’ Jill, Jinger, Emmah, Céline, & Katy. I’s want you out of their kitchen- n, now.’

There- was an instant uproar.

‘Whereof age!’ Céline And Katy bellowed together.

‘If Naddalin’s allowed, why cannot I?’ shouted Jinger.

‘Mom, I want to see- are!’ wailed Jill.

‘NO…!’ shouted Mr.’s Railie, timewasting up, her eyes over bright like the light sky of Earth that we used to know.’ I forbid.’

‘Molly, you cannot stop Céline And Katy,’ said Mr. Railie wearily. They are of age.’

‘Theory is still at Savannah.’

‘But they are legally adults now,’ said Mr.

Railie, in their- same tired voice.

Mr.’s Railie was now scarlet in their- face.

‘I'm oh, all right there- n, Céline, And Katy can stay, but Jinger.’

‘Nathaniel tells,’ me… And Emmah everything you say anyway!’ said Jinger passionately. ‘Won’t will not you?’ She- added uncertainly, meeting Naddalin’s eyes.

For a split second, Naddalin considered telling Jinger that she-

would not tell her a single word, that she- could try a taste of being kept in their- dark and see how she- liked it.

Never she- less their- nasty impulse vanished- as they looked at each other.

‘Course I’s will,’ Naddalin said.

Jinger… and… Emmah smiled.

Part: 9

‘Fine!’ shouted Mr.’s Railie. ‘Fine! Jill- BED!’

Jill did not go quietly; they could shape she is raging and storming at her mother- r all their- way up there-stairs, and she- n' she- reached their-hall Mr.'s Blacks ear-splitting shrieks were added to their- din. Sevket hurried off to their- portrait to restore calm. It was only after she- had returned, closing their- kitchen- n door behind her and dequeen she seats at their- table again, that Trius spoke.

'Okay, Naddalin… what do you want to know?'

Naddalin took a deep breath… And asked their- question that had obsessed her for their- last month.

‘Where’s Waltemath?’ she- said, ignoring their- renewed shudders and winces at their- name. ‘What’s she- doing? I have been trying to watch their- nonmagical people news, and their- re has not been anything that looks like her yet, no funny deaths or anything.’

‘That is because- they have not been any funny deaths yet,’ said Trius,

‘Not any way… And we know quite a-lot.’

‘More than she- thinks we do, anyway,’ said Sevket.

‘How come she- ’s stopped killing people?’ Naddalin asked. She-knew Waltemath had murdered more than once in their- last year alone.

‘Because she- does not want to draw attention to herself,’ said Trius. ‘It would be dangerous for her. Her comeback did not come off quite their-way she- wanted it to, you see. She-messed it up.’

‘Or rats her-, you messed it tip for her,’ said Sevket, with a satisfied smile.

‘How?’ Naddalin asked, perplexed.

‘You were not supposed to survive!’ said Trius.

‘Nobody apart from the Death Eaters was supposed to know she’d come back.

But you survived to bear witness.

‘And they're- very last per girl she- wanted to be alerted to her return their- moment she- got back was Duerre,’ said Sevket.

‘And you made sure Duerre knew at once.’ ‘How has that she- led?’ Naddalin asked.

‘Are you kidding?’ Said Sara incredulously. ‘Duerre was there- the only one You Know Who was ever scared of!’

Thanks to you, Duerre could recall their- Order of their- Durizy

about an hour after Waltemath returned,’ said Trius.

Part: 10

‘So, what is their- Order been doing?’ said Naddalin, Looking around at them all.

‘Torquing as hard as we can to make sure Waltemath cannot carry out the plans,’ said Trius.

How would you know what she plans are?’ Naddalin asked quickly.

‘Duerre’s got a shrewd idea,’ said Sevket, ‘And Duerre’s shrewd ideas normally turn out to be correct.’

‘So-o what does Duerre reckon she- ’s planning?’

~Planning…

Interval: 3

The Underworld

Open your eyes… too the… Underworld-

I opened my eyes- towards- Mattie, obviously- as well as to my bigger sister, who has saved me many- countless times from the dark underneath of the black deaths- lost in time and space alike, a place that one can only dream of… yet feels- oh so really going- into, as well as for who I would delightedly go down underneath deep in and wish- to save from- The Underworld.

Creep… creep… creeping in on them…

One mysterious, cryptic, and ambiguous night when Megan went to bed, Mattie was her flabby, stumpy, chocolate-burrowing and junk- food, pop-loving litter sister, who the annoyed the crap out of her, and charmed her both in a fun playful way, a way that on two that are clause would understand and get…

~*~

Then the next morning, and when she woke up, she was no longer. Do you get that? NO LONGER!

~*~

Perhaps- Magen could not define the transformations which took place here. Can you yet…?

~*~

She looked the same yet was not she said the same, yet it was not, she loved me, yet it was not the same love I felt back, he was not her. Do you get that? She- was no longer…

~*~

Mattie and was wearing the same pair of ratty fleece pajamas red, with the same yet his with the little toe sticking out, of course, that would be her, the hole gets bigger every night I see her; just like in the back too, the girl she is getting chubby, and he arose down the set of steps precisely the same way the actual, genuine- Mattie would have done: thumb, bump, banged, sliding on his rump, all the way doing to the landing.

Saying- we-e-e-e!

~*~

However, she was not the equivalent of what I know her as. In actual truth, here, he was, quite unlike the others his and my age.

~*~

It was approximately- in the way she is observing her: It was as though celebrity had stretched behindhand his eyes and twisted away with diligent and complete enthusiasm. Were young girls we do not understand are underworld… do you…?

~*~

Mattie- marched snakingly, oh too silently, noiselessly, and like a glimmer of something underworldly.

~*~

Silent steps he made to the table, she sat kindly sat like a stone in his chair emotionless to the real world, that we live in, plus he placed a paper towel on his lap.

~*~

The real Mattie never used a bib or towel. Yet she- was all neat and

such… she just whipped it wherever she pleased. Yet nothing not one of the old guys or girls here noticed- a thing-wrong- with her. Can you see it…?

~*~

Mrs. Smith is Megan’s mother. Do you see here there, just doing her day-to-day thing?

Mrs. Smith did not break for her kid’s attraction lost in the crazed-fantasy world of work and distress, and being worked up over it, nonstop categorization from end to end the stack of bills on the kitchen table,

making occasional noises of unhappiness.

~*~

Megan’s father continuous fly-by- night in and out of the room, his tie loosened, in addition to that only wearing one sock and no paints- just boxers, muttering distractedly on the cell phone about nothing that makes any senses.

~*~

The imitation- Mattie to me not them, picked up her spoon as well as

offered me some of her cherished food, which just does not happen. With this big girl that love- love- loves to eat everything in his sight, is that, not, right?

~*~

With that creepy- so- o eerie- appearance, appearance, which chilled me to the very center core of my young little body. Do you see me there? Do you see my brown hair and my bow ties…?

~*~

My big and stunning immense russet eyes? Am I not- I am cute to you?

Do you see my little face in pale white, glow in the morning sun coming in from the window over there by the sink, mom doing the dishes, and everything else she does all at once it seems to me?

~*~

Then the phony- Mattie starts to eat his lucky- cereal bits, painstakingly, unhurriedly, harpooning all the alphabet letters out of his Alpha-

bits one by one as well as reinforcing them up along the rim of her bowl.

Spilling out- creep- creepy- little- girl- die!

~*~

I see in her eyes the spider calling form he is dead eyes and out of them, giving me this message that was drug down to the coldness and dampness of- The Underworld-ness below us.

~*~

I could hear the music eerie to me playing her to sleep or it seemed to me… the horn was all I could make out… it was all muffled to my stifled ear, under and I look at the hole of temptation between downwards that is only part of me that goes in my soul its- I finger it and they- come, is where they must have taken her… do you think so?

Was the door under her bed was glowing…? It is all most underworld time… Creepers…

~*~

Megan’s heart dropped for the chest to foot and back up… in panic. She knew at that moment, at the time, on this day, in this year, what had come about… as well as she distinguished, that the heavens were up like the real world to me as I go down in the heat of the moment and if you turned around fast, spinning in the confusion, circling down to the dark depths below, and then stood motionless… so still.

~*~

As the evil ripped through me and my figure, like spiders calling all

over me. Tangled in the webs of their chromes. Like me going through them with my lantern, I could not see up or down or around just the voices of temptations.

Come, come, see us, hear us, play with- US…we got cookies and candy if you give up your soul to us!

~*~

The entire underworld just keeps turning the circling around me, deeper and deeper, lower, and lower… I went- hearing all their voices getting amplified to me.

Just maybe his too, Mattie's soul had been taken by- The Underworld entities.

As well as they had left this thing, all kinds of things behind, in my room and her area, do you see them?

~*~

This not- my younger- sister, she has been replaced… or is it?

Is it some other form of her too? 'Mom,' she said, and then, when her mother did not immediately respond, tried again a little louder.

(Back to that mooring)

‘Mom.’

‘Yes…’ -Magg.

Mom- ‘Mum?’ I said fast and abruptly! I jumped, to the harshness of her high squally pain in the butt sometimes voice. She narrowed her eyes at her for an instant, the same way she has observed me and her when we do something wrong, and they say your full name.

~*~

Like always- ‘Mattie’s being weird,’ Megan said.

Mom- stared alertly at my daughter, nevertheless with cold eyes. Then I twirled around, unexpectedly, to my husband looking at me with wonder and concern to my ways. ‘Did you ever pay the electric bill and the rest we can afford?’

~*~

Mom- I did not seem to hear her as I was predating away about nothing, but her young ways of kiddish

mumbling. ‘Have you seen my glasses, and my phone, my, I-pad, and mind?’

~*~

Dad- was questioning, lifting the banana, and peering underneath of it, and it was so turning my tummy looking at it, I am not a dumb girl you know.

He- he- he…

~*~

‘They’re on your head doing cartwheels.’ STOP!

‘My reading glasses… are…?’

Mom- I sighed impatiently. ‘It says this is our absolute ultimate announcement. I do not recollect the first notice. Did we pay the electric bill? I could have sworn...’

I do not worry about this sh*t! I am little girl remember I was thinking. I do not say yet that is for sure.

~*~

‘I can’t go to work without my glasses!’ Mr. Smith opened the refrigerator, stared at its contents,

closed the refrigerator, and dashed out of the room into the living room for the door without. Through the table, it feels as I hit my leg… damn-it.

~*~

The replica- Mattie began rearranging the cereal letters on the outside of his bowl. She spelled out three words: I H-A-T- E y-o-u! Besides, you are going to die tonight in my room if you do not come down with me.

~*~

Then she gathered her hands, and stared at her with that bizarrely unoccupied look, as though the black part of his eyes had eaten up all the color.

Down I went… Holding this child's hand… Come…

The Underworld- is like… a webbed field of never- endianness, the raps you mind clean of you and your thoughts. The underworld could be the holes that go in me. it wants to come out and play with me too.

~*~

Megan’s insides trembled again as it comes for her. Seeing the twigs, and all the lights and branches suck her in, like she.

She slid off her chair and went over to her mother.

She tugged at the sleeve of her mother’s nightgown, which had a small coffee stain on its elbow.

(Back to midday)

‘Mommy.’

‘Yes, baby?’ she asked absentmindedly.

‘Mattie’s freaking me out.’

‘Mattie,’ Mrs. Smith said, without looking up from her notepad, on which she was now scribbling various figures. ‘Stop bothering your sister like that.’

Here is what the real Mattie would have done: He would have stuck out his tongue or thrown his napkin at Megan in retribution, or he would have said, ‘It’s her face that’s the bother.’

Nevertheless, this impostor did none of those things. The impostor just stared quietly at Megan and smiled.

Her teeth looked very white. ‘Mom-’ Megan swore, and her mother sighed, besides also, threw down her pencil with so much force that it bounced.

~*~

‘Please, Megan,’ she said, with barely concealed impatience. ‘Can’t you see that I’m busy? Why don’t you go outside and play for a bit?’

Megan knew better than to argue with her mother when she was in a mood.

So, she went outside. It was a hot and hazy morning- far too hot for late April.

She was hoping to see one of the neighbors out doing something- watering a plant, walking a dog- but it was very still.

Megan, never- ever saw the neighbors. It was not that kind of neighborhood. She did not even know most of their names: only Mrs. Rosenblatt, who was so old she looked exactly like a snip.

Today, as on most days, Mrs. Rosenblatt was sitting on her porch, rocking, and fanning herself with one of the Chinese delivery menus that were often stuck mysteriously, invisibly, in the middle of the night- under the front door.

‘Hello,’ she called out to Megan and waved. ‘Hello!’

Megan called back… she liked Mrs. Rosenblatt, even though Mrs. Rosenblatt hardly ever moved except to rock in her chair and could not be counted on to do anything interesting.

~*~

Mrs. Rosenblatt liked to rock even in cold- weather, and she would appear on her porch so bundled in blankets and scarves, she looked like an overfilled coatrack.

‘Would you like a glass of milk?’

Mrs. Rosenblatt called out. ‘Or a cookie?’ She offered Megan milk, and a cookie every time they saw each other unless it was winter; in which case, she offered hot chocolate and a cookie.

‘Not today, thank you,’ Megan said. Remorsefully, as she always did. She was not allowed- to accept things to eat or drink from nonfamily members. Megan often wished the rule applied to Family Members instead.

She would much rather have had one of Mrs.

Rosenblatt’s cookies than her Aunt Stirginia’s tuna casserole. She wondered whether she should tell Mrs. Rosenblatt about Mattie but decided against it.

(Three weeks previous)

Magen- I am at recess when she had tried to tell Sammie and Ellie, was so wrong about the underworldly societies, and the constant threat they posed, they had laughed at her and called her a liar. Mrs. Rosenblatt was a good listener- partly, Megan thought because she could not hear very well, nonetheless, Megan did not want to jeopardize this.

~*~

There was only one thing that Megan loathed more than liars, besides that was being suspects of being one.

At one edge of the yard, a pile of pinecones has been neatly stacked.

~*~

Megan had decided them this only yesterday, thinking that she and Mattie might play a round of Pinecone bowling in the morning.

Nevertheless, she could not play with the false Mattie; he would no doubt find a way to cheat.

~*~

She had a sudden wrenching fierce desire for Anna, her old babysitter, to come home.

Why?

Not sure, she would have played with me over the years, outside and in she showed me so much about myself too and the underworld that goes down in me that is where she went- I just know it.

At least that is what I think… do you?

Last fall in me was Anna, she did not beeline that I have the world to me, till she entered the black hole of mine, she has gone away to middle school not long before…

This meant that she had stimulated, and could not babysit anymore, besides instead Megan and Mattie were left with Mandy, who always chewed her gum too loudly and did not like to play games- she did not like anything, really, except talking on the phone.

~*~

Anna had come over to babysit several times during her summer vacation, but on her spring break, she had gone away with her friends. Megan, Mattie, and Sammie had gotten a water-warped postcard from her, but most of the writing had been too blurry to read.

~*~

I have the postcard she had sent from the beach, after all this time, and a white sweatshirt with a fierce-looking bear on the front, explaining in

the involved note that it was her school's mascot.

Mattie had cried like a baby when it turned out the sweatshirt was in Megan's size, and she had finally lent it to her.

He had promptly spilled tomato sauce on it, and she had refused to speak to her for an entire day.

Megan knew it was stupid, but sometimes she fantasized, that Anna would turn up again and confess her deepest secret: that Megan and Mattie were, in fact, her siblings, and they had

all been torn apart by some horrible event when they were little and forced into different families.

Oh!

Um-hum! Come for us…

Do you see the lying silt ship that leads into ‘The Underworld?’

The Underworld- is a dark wet place, where you come in and see the thing that brings you joy, yet makes you feel week to the wrongness of what you are doing to yourself, there is no light

only wonder, there are voices come, screaming for you to come...

Like sweeping the sides of you until you have no choice, but move the feel goods of their games, that they play as they get you to do as they say, and the enter you and play with your brain and you no longer you going on with your day, what do you say- do you play with your underworld; Maddie went into their mine, and he not coming out.

~*~

Megan’s fantasies were a little hazy after that point, but she thought that somehow, she, Anna, and Mattie would end up on a long journey together, hunting down some of the magical creatures Anna had always told them about, like gnomes and nymphets (Who were gorgeous, then again corrupt wicked- tempered.)

Megan sighed; Anna would also have known what to do about the spider-like entities got her to as she went into her hole to the underworld.

She was the creature who had first told Megan and Mattie about them.

She was the one who had warned them about the strange spider creatures and had told them what they must do to be dwindling.

Megan scanned the yard for gnomes but saw nothing. Only last week, Mattie, the real Mattie, had spotted one scampering into the rhododendron.

~*~

The real me was not there either they were making me come, for their ways and not my own, as I went on trying to do me, and my day.

‘Look, Megan!’ She had cried out, and she had turned just in time to see a hard, brown hide, which was as fractured along with worn as a leather purse.

~*~

It was too hot for the gnomes today, Megan decided. Anna had told Megan they preferred cool climates.

Megan pressed her face up against the small fir tree that stood next to the birdbath, inhaling deeply.

It was easier to see the magic through its branches, she found.

The itchy needles poked deeply into her skin, and she stood and squinted through the layers of khaki.

Looking at the world through the fir tree meant seeing only the essential things: the vivid olive of the meadow’s, dew glistening on petals, a robin flicking its tail, a squirrel rustling through the rhododendron, a miracle of

life, and growth that forever pulsed under the commonplaceness.

~*~

Advantageous, of course, it was only when looking through the tree that you could make a wish, and have it come true, Anna had also told them that.

Megan spoke a wish quietly into the scratchy branches.

We will not repeat it… All and sundry know that only wishes that are kept secret will ever come true.

On the other hand, then again know this: Oh! All- the desire was about Mattie and finding what was with me, as the world of an image that I felt doing this… looking for the wandering things that would make you wonder, I may find digging and fingering myself, for her inside me.

~*~

Megan heard a step behind her. She turned and saw the Mattie-who- was- not long her to me- or them, Mattie standing on the front porch, watching her.

Megan sucked in a deep breath like she sucked us into her underworld as we look and put our head and body down in it to get there, gathered her early age, and said, ‘You are not my sister.’ not- Mattie stared at her with flat blue eyes. ‘I am,’ she said calmly.

‘You are not them; I am not me doing this.’

‘Am too… I said it too do you see that I am I do not lie… you know that sissy.’ ‘Prove it,’ Megan said, crossing her arms, and she tried to

think of a question whose answer only the real Mattie would know.

She was quiet for a bit. At last, she asked, ‘When you are playing hide-and- seek on a rainy day, not she is doing it in me, what is the best hiding space?’

~*~

The old place was- ‘Behind the bookcase in the basement,’ not- Mattie answered automatically. ‘In the crawl space that smells like mold.’ Megan was disappointed.

She had gotten it right; this fake Mattie was smarter than she gave her credit for- smarter, she would not wonder, than the real Mattie.

(Though that was not saying much. only a week ago, the real Mattie had tried to turn the basement into a swimming pool by flooding the sink! Absurd.)

Maybe- she needed to ask a former question within.

‘What must you do every night before you go to sleep?’

Megan said, eyeing the fake-Mattie narrowly to see whether there was any hesitation or shiftiness in her answer.

However, she re-joined promptly, drawing a big X a crossed her chest, ‘you must cross yourself once from shoulder to hip and say aloud, ‘sweep, sweep, bring me to sleep.

Clear the webs from my room with the bristliest broom.’

~*~

Megan was stunned. She had been sure positive! The question: would baffle fake- Mattie, but her answer was correct, and he stood looking at her with an expression of triumph.

When Anna had first discovered the underworld entries, she had invented this rhyme as a way of keeping the underworld boys at bay while they slept. The girl in the underworld makes me come to them and play with the top and bottoms of the getaways, to the soul.

~*~

Everyone knows there is nothing a spider fears' more than a broom, and someone sweeping with it, and the broom charm had protected them for years. Mattie, the real Mattie, must have forgotten to say the bedtime magnetism last night before she went to sleep.

She and Megan had been fighting about seeing each other's worlds- Mattie had accused her of stealing her favorite socks, which were sapphire, and embroidered with turtles, as though she would ever have worn

anything so preposterous- besides, Megan called her distrustful, and when he did not know what that meant, she stormed into his room and slammed the door.

~*~

She was distracted; that must be why she had not said the broom charm. Megan felt a heavy rush of guilt. It was her fault, at least partially. And so, The Underworld guys had gotten her: They had dropped down from the ceiling on their glistening webs of shadowed darkness and

dropped their silken threads in her ear, and extracted his soul slowly, like a fisher persuading some trout from the water on a taut nylon fishing line.

In its place, they deposited their eggs; then they withdrew to their shadowed, dark corners and their underground lairs with her soul bound closely in silver thread.

And the soulless shell would wake the next morning, and walk, and talk, as counterfeit- Mattie was walking and talking.

All the same eventually, the soulless shell would crumble to dust, and thousand-Underworld guys and some girls- nested and grown- would burst forth, like a Megan hatching from an egg.

And distraught parents would wake up, believing their children to have been kidnapped while they slept, and they would appear tearfully on television, begging for their children’s safe return, when The Underworld gangs were to blame.

Megan felt a sudden tightness in her throat as they made squirt it all out within and she saw them all as they giggle saying it is all right to do this.

‘You see oozing with this webbing!’ The sham- Mattie crowed. ‘I told you. I am your sister.’ Then Megan was struck by an idea.

‘Come here,’ she said to not-Mattie, and even though she was filled with revulsion by the closeness of this imitation, this cold and cardboard thing, she forced herself to stand still as she approached.

Unexpectedly she lunged for her and began tickling her tummy.

~*~

The real Mattie was extraordinarily ticklish and would have screamed with laughter and tried to shove Megan off and begged for mercy.

Megan loved the sound of Mattie's joke. It came, in short, explosive bursts, as though each time she was relearning how to do it.

This Mattie stood still, watching her dully. ‘What are you doing?’ She asked.

~*~

Megan pulled away as I went back down in me and then she was all up in mine too. She then had the same feeling she had had several years ago, when she had swung too high and too fast on the swings at the playground, and the world teetered underneath her: a feeling of triumph but also of terror.

She knew it…

This Mattie was not the real Mattie. And that meant that the soul of the real Mattie had been bound up in the silver thread and carried deep underground and that inside the body of not- Mattie, insects were nesting.

Megan drew herself up to her full four feet four inches.

‘I am not afraid of you,’ she said- to fake Mattie, but she was, of course, speaking to all those infant underworld boys sleeping soundly in their thousands of soft eggs, somewhere deep inside his chest.

And of course, she was afraid. She was more afraid than she had ever been in her life.

‘I will find my real sister, and I will bring her back to me and my mommy and daddy, that doesn't get that I play with newly found- Underworld.’

~*~

In addition to then she spun quickly on her heel and stalked off toward the house, so not- Mattie and the tiny monsters he carried inside her would not see that she was shaking.

Let us just say- I never- ever stopped playing with this under would, but I did find out what it was… and where it can take, she and me…

I hope you understand this Underworld to and have fun with it…

We will come for you too…